

THE PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

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IN ADDITION to the usual Washington's Birthday exercises on the campus, a number of patriotic societies are to hold a joint meeting in Princeton on the 22nd. Their programme includes religious services at 11.00 a. m. in the First Presbyterian Church, with an address by the pastor, the Rev. Sylvester W. Beach '76; an address in the Faculty Room, Nassau Hall, by Gen. Hampton L. Carson of Philadelphia, at 12.30, and a luncheon at the Princeton Inn at 2.00 p.m.

THE ORANGE ALUMNI Prizes of \$15 and \$10, for the best two articles on sub-

jects relating to Princeton life, have been awarded to S. A. Hunter '10 and David Lawrence '10, respectively, who wrote on "Dormitory Life in Princeton", and "Necessary Expenses at Princeton." We understand that these articles are to be published by the Orange association.

PROF. JOSIAH ROYCE of Harvard addressed the University in McCosh Hall, Feb. 13, on "The Art of Loyalty." Under the auspices of the Orphic Order L. Frederic Pease '95 spoke in Murray-Dodge Hall, Feb. 15th, on the grand opera season in New York.

The Centenary of Abraham Lincoln

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS AT THE CHICAGO CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF THE GREAT WAR PRESIDENT

AT THE great celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, held in the Auditorium of Chicago on the morning of February 12th, President Wilson delivered the principal address. Dr. Wilson spoke in substance as follows:

It was a very full century that has gone by since Abraham Lincoln was born, a century crowded for all the world, but particularly for America, with significant events which men could never turn back from nor forget. And Lincoln seems for us the epitome of much that it contained. The nineteenth century hurried the world forward with giant strides, and that far year 1809, which lay almost at its beginning, saw many a man of genius born into the world who was to add lustre to its annals: Alfred Tennyson, our own Poe, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Lincoln. Merely read the list in its singular variety and you will be conscious that the last name strikes upon the ear with a significance all its own, so unique and separate that it does not seem to belong in a list of names at all, but to embody something complete in itself, as the name of Shakespeare does. Every other man on that great roll had some characteristic gift of his

own; the music and interpretation of perfect speech, or of the perfect harmonies of voice or instrument, or insight into the great processes of nature, akin to Newton's; or the eloquence that stirs and guides a nation and determines the politics of the world. But the man Lincoln had no special gift. He was of general use. He was like some great instrument of humanity. Wherever life touched him, he spoke back its meaning, gave forth fire to kindle its life. Each power slumbered in him and waited to be awakened. He seemed slow of development, waited upon circumstances to quicken him, but always responded upon whatever scale the challenge came, seemed a great reservoir of living water which could be freely quaffed but not exhausted. There was something native, natural rather than singular, and wholly inexhaustible about him. His nature suggested always a richness that had only been partly drawn upon, and his life ended as if unfinished, fuller of promise than when it began. His character stands colossal there amidst that troubled history of war and disunion, like one of Rodin's only half-moulded figures, revealing less than it suggests, only in part disclosed, shrouded in lines that lead the imagination off into infinity and very great conjecture.

And so it is deeply difficult to conceive the man as a whole or to convey an impression of him, marked by any emphasis of distinguishing gifts and traits. We speak of him as characteristically honest, but his honesty does not seem a special trait; it is only part of his broad and open humanity, hardly more than a manifestation of his large and ample nature, which was without narrowness or pettiness and therefore without deceit. And when we come to speak of his attitude towards affairs, we can say only that he saw with his own eyes always and that his eyes were deeply discerning, seeing the significance of elements whose meaning others overlooked, that he saw beneath the surface with a singular penetration which was something more than shrewdness, approaching, as it did, the insight of a man to whom much more is revealed than meets the eye, because of the penetration of his own spirit. We remember, too, that he stated what he saw and his judgment of it with an extraordinary fearlessness and directness of illuminating phrase, and yet did not seem so much engrossed by his effort to state it as the self-conscious artist does. The statement seems always simple and natural and is always salted with a wholesome humor, like the statement of a man who sees and yet is not himself immersed in what he sees, but stands enough aloof to make casual comment and turn the thing about with curious examination. He was deeply studious always of the life about him, and yet built up no theories about it, was studious, apparently, because inevitably interested and not because he wished to make noticeable comment or pass as a man more learned and observant than the rest.

Such was the man, with always a large way about him, natural and unaffected in his approach, not strenuous to be about any particular business but inevitably roused whenever any matter of vital consequence touched his mind or invited his thought to exploration. A very normal man, with very normal gifts, but all upon a great scale, all knit together in loose and natural form, like the great frame in which he moved and dwelt.

There was, of course, the special flavour of America about Lincoln. He belonged to the now fast disappearing type of the frontier. He was bred where States were forming. There seems something specially "native" about him therefore, nationally flavoured, locally distinctive. His origin could never be mistaken. He

could have been born and matured only in America, was redolent of its soil, suggested always its conditions and its form of natural life.

States then grew as fast as men and made men mature by the very pressure and movement of their life. The change and stress that breed men now amongst us are of another, more complex, kind, are less distinctive of America, belong more obviously to the general conditions of the world. In Lincoln's day America was still in process of being made, and it was in the midst of this creative process that he was brought forth. He seems expressive of it, and it is natural to think that he could not have been born in any other age or time and have been just what he was.

And yet, however unlike the conditions of our time may be to the conditions of his, it is still true that men such as he was, if they should arise again to renew the integrity and development of the nation, can be derived and matured only from the common stock, only from the stock **which no particular** experience has specialized and no particular interest set apart. Lincoln was in the profoundest sense a man of the people, and it is safe to predict that all men bred after his wholesome kind and serviceable for the common uses of humanity will be, like him, derived from the unspecialized stock of the nation.

What is a "man of the people", judged by the standard and example of this man? He is a man with his rootage deep down among the people of no class or specialized kind, but lifted above the narrowness and limitations of view of the mass by the insight and study which have enabled him to see what they did not see, and the genius which has fitted him to speak, not from them as if still one of them, but for them as if released from what holds them back from his leadership.

"A nation is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And they who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all."

A great nation is led not by the men who merely speak what it speaks every day at the street corners and in the columns of its newspapers, but by the men who lend to these things new light and interpretation and give fearless counsel for a new day. These are men who have come, indeed, out from among the

people but who have been elevated to a plane of vision to which the people can themselves come only as they show them the way. And so Lincoln brought new things to consciousness as he moved among his fellows and spoke to them, as Webster did when in his Reply to Hayne he formulated what many men had groped after but no man had yet adequately expressed, the coming to light and life of a national idea and an indomitable national purpose. And both men used the same instrument of interpretation, the instrument of sympathetic insight, of seeing, not other things than their fellows saw, but more, and uniting what they saw in a vision of action.

A man of the people is a man who sees as the people do, and not as the man of a class or a profession sees. He thinks, not in the terms of any particular interest, but in the terms of the general life about him. He is a man disengaged from his environment, free to move in whatever direction his nature impels him, unsubdued by the stuff of the life he lives in, seeing not one thing but many things, lending an ear to many voices and heeding them, not as if they were the disordered voices of a mob, but as if they were the concurrent voices of a chorus; a man to whom they are all familiar voices conveying many meanings which are really only one. A man of the people is a man who moves in a free, unconventionalized, unstandardized world, in which the choices of the individual will are naive and original, in which no course seems fixed and obligatory by reason of any conventional predilections. He is a man who typifies and embodies the very principle and impulse of all national growth, the struggle of the mass toward the light and the communion of universal sympathy, the very travail of mankind, its struggle, not to find forms but to find freedom, not to establish any poise but to realize powers.

Now touching goal, now backward hurled,
Toils the indomitable world.

And it is men of Lincoln's type, who feel the universal impulse and struggle, through whom it toils and by whom it is directed with a mastery of pilotage which no man can learn from books.

Add to this the training which Lincoln gave himself, and the genius to see and speak the whole as he saw it, and the deep feeling of the poet, and you have Lincoln, the man whom to-

day we celebrate and to whom we look back with the hope that as we gaze upon him we may recover some breath of that toilsome and heroic age in which he wrought and triumphed.

God send us such men again! We are confused by a war of interests, a clash of classes, a competition of powers, an effort at conquest and restraint, and the great forces which war and toil amongst us can be guided and reconciled only by some man who is truly a man of the people, as Lincoln was, not caught in the toils of any special interest, united by wide sympathy with many kinds of men, familiar with many aspects of life, and led, through many changes, to a personal experience which unites him with the common mass. He must not be too hot or intense, must be large and genial, and salted with humor, but as certain and definite as the veriest tool of precision in his penetration and in his exposition of all that he sees and knows, a man who speaks as fearlessly as he looks upon the affairs about him and who never withholds himself from any use or declines the challenge of any call of duty, a man of universal sympathy and universal use, whom few men can approach in power but to whom all men can feel akin and with whom all men can dare to be familiar.

The only way in which we can worthily celebrate any great man is not by a mere tribute of words, not by the weak and futile tribute of imitation, but by the convincing tribute of those who seek to see and execute their task with the same free hand and untainted motive, who approach life as if it were again to be refreshed and created, as if each age were the first age and every type of noble man was to be reproduced by the same naive processes which made all who went before him great and worthy of the role allotted them. The way to recover great ages of achievement is never to move away from them, never to lose them, never to intermit the processes which produce them, never to debase or spoil the breed that begot them. America has never yet lost this reproductive power, this gift of renewal, this richness and fertility of reviving strength. She must never cease to look upon men like Lincoln as marking, not her occasional heights of achievement, but the points which denote the rising levels of her life, the levels from which she builds and from which her sons look back only to regain their standards and lengthen their measurements of accomplishment.